

Jane Cable

By
George Barr
McCutcheon

Author of "Beverly
of Graustark," Etc.

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street from their door. "Graydon ought to hear both sides of the story." He crossed the street with hesitating steps. His thin coat collar was buttoned close about his neck; his gloved hands were wet and cold from the rain. As he stopped at the foot of the stone steps a man came hurrying along, glancing at the house numbers as he approached.

"Do you know whether this is David Cable's house?" he asked.

Bansemmer saw that he was a young man and an eager one.

"I think it is."

The other bounded up the steps and rang the bell. When the servant opened the door Bansemmer heard the new arrival ask for Cable, adding that he was from one of the newspapers and that he must see him at once.

Bansemmer stood stark and dumb at the foot of the steps. The whole situation had rushed upon him like an avalanche. Herbert had filed his charges, and the hasty visit of the reporter proved that David Cable was an instrument in them. The blood surged to his head. He staggered under the shock of increased rage.

"Graydon is against me! They've won him over! Open the door! I want my son!" He shouted the demand in the face of the startled servant as he pushed rudely past him.

"You stay here, young fellow, and you'll hear a story that will fill a whole paper. I am James Bansemmer. Where is Cable? You!" to the servant.

"Sh!" cried the frightened servant, recognizing him. "Mrs. Cable is resting, sir."

"What are you doing here?" Bansemmer demanded of the reporter, exerting all his crafty resourcefulness in the effort to calm himself.

"Cable has been elected president of the"—began the young man just as Cable himself started down the stairway.

"Cable, where is my son?" demanded Bansemmer loudly, starting toward the steps. He had not removed his hat and was indeed an ominous figure. Cable clutched the stair rail and glared down at him in amazement. Before he could pull himself together sufficiently to reply Graydon Bansemmer hurried past him and started in alarm at the unexpected figure below.

"What's the matter, dad?" he cried.

"Ah! You think something could have happened, eh? You shan't be taken in by them. Come down here, boy!"

"Father, are you crazy?" gasped Graydon, rushing down the stairs.

"Get him away from here, Graydon, for God's sake," exclaimed Cable. "Take him away! He's your father, but if he stays in this house a minute longer I'll kill him!"

The man from the newspaper was shrewd enough to withdraw into a less exposed spot. He saw a great "beat" in prospect.

Graydon stopped as if stunned by a blow. Bobby Rigby came running to the head of the stairs, followed by Jane and another young woman. James Bansemmer could not have been expected to know it, but Rigby and Miss Clegg had come to tell these friends that they were to be married in December.

"Kill me, eh? Not if you can't do a better job than you did the other night. Here, you reporter, ask Mr. Cable to explain the mystery of that affair on the lake front. Oh, I know all about it! You've started in to ruin me, but I'll be in on it myself. We'll have a general cleaning up."

"Father! What are you talking about?" cried Graydon, aghast.

"They haven't told you about the lake front, eh? I should think not. See him cringe!"

Cable had indeed fallen back against the wall, halfway up the steps, white and trembling. His eyes were raised, and he was the first to see Mrs. Cable as she came from her room.

"Go back!" he whispered hoarsely to her. She reached the banister and leaned over her eyes filling with terror after a swift glance at Jane.

"Take Jane away," she murmured, realizing that the blow was to fall.

"I'll stop his infernal tongue!" shouted Cable, leaping down the steps, his eyes blazing. James Bansemmer laughed as he braced himself for the shock. They did not come together, for Graydon threw his big frame in the path of the assailant. For an instant there was a frightful uproar. Rigby and the servant rushed to the young man's assistance. The women were screaming with terror, the men were shouting, and there was a violent struggle which played havoc in the hallway.

"Call the police!" shouted Rigby.

"You infernal traitor!" blazed James Bansemmer. "You claim to be Graydon's friend, and yet you are the one who has led the plot to ruin me."

"What does it all mean?" cried Graydon, holding the shaking Cable tightly.

There was a moment of intense silence, except for the heavy breathing of the men. Graydon was staring wide eyed at his father. He saw the cruel, sardonic smile spread over his face and shuddered.

"I've simply come to take you out of the clutches of these people. I've waited to see if that scheming woman up there would tell you of her own accord. She hasn't told you, so I will

you cannot marry that girl, for your haughty Jane Cable was picked up on a doorstep, cast off by the woman who bore her!"

The crash had come. The heartless accuser stood like a tragic player in the center of his stage, pouring out his poison without a touch of pity for the stricken girl who, after the first thrill of indignation and horror, had shrunk back into her mother's arms, bewildered.

"Call the police, if you like," laughed Bansemmer, at the end of his tirade. "It isn't a criminal offense to tell the truth. It will sound just as well in court, Mr. Rigby."

"Jane, Jane," Mrs. Cable was murmuring, "I might have saved you all this, but I couldn't—oh, I couldn't pay the price."

"You snake," groaned Cable, weak and hoarse with rage. "Jane, he has lied! There is not a word of truth in what he says. I swear it to you."

"Ho, ho. By heaven, she hasn't told you, after all!" cried Bansemmer. "You still think she is yours!"

"Father!" exclaimed Graydon, standing straight before the other. David Cable had dropped limply into a chair, his hand to his heart. "I won't stand by and hear you any longer. Take back what you've said about her or I'll forget that you are my father and—"

"Graydon!" exclaimed Bansemmer, falling back, his expression changing, like a flash. The smile of triumph left his face, and his lip twitched.

"You forget I—I am doing this for your sake. My God, boy, you don't understand. Don't turn from me to them. They have—"

"That's enough, father! Don't say another word! You've talked like a

madman. See! Look what you've done! Oh, Jane!" he caught sight of the girl on the landing and rushed up to her.

"Is it true, Graydon; is it true?" she wailed, beating her hands upon his arm.

"No, it can't be true! He's gone mad, dearest."

"Is it true, mother? Tell me, tell me!"

Frances Cable's white lips moved stiffly, but no sound came forth. Her eyes spoke the truth, however. The girl sank limp and helpless in Graydon's arms and knew no more. At the foot of the steps Rigby was pointing his trembling fingers at James Bansemmer.

"You'll pay for this tomorrow!" he was saying. "Your day has come! You cutthroat! You blackmailer!"

"Graydon!" called the father. "Come, let us go home. Come, boy!"

"Not now—not now," answered the son hoarsely. "I'll—I'll try to come home tonight, father. I'm not sure that I can. My place is here—with her."

Without a word James Bansemmer turned and rushed out into the street, tears of rage and disappointment in his eyes. He had not expected the girl. Until the break of day he sat in his chill room waiting for the rasp of his son's night key, but Graydon did not come home.

"You wouldn't think it to look at me now, or any other time for that matter, but I loved a woman once—a long time ago. She never knew it. I didn't expect her to love me. How could I? Don't cry, Graydon. You're not like I was. The girl you love loves you. Cheer up. If I were you I'd go ahead and make her my wife. She's good enough, I'll swear!"

"She says she can't marry me. Good heavens, Elias! You don't know what a blow it was to her. It almost killed her. And my own father! Oh, it was terrible!"

Elias Doom did not tell him—nor had he ever told any one but himself—that the woman he loved was the boy's mother. He loved her before and after she married James Bansemmer. He never had faltered in his love and reverence for her.

Graydon waited in his rooms until the old man returned with the morning papers. As Doom placed them on the table beside him he grinned cheerfully.

"Big headlines, eh? But these are not a circumstance to what they will be. These articles deal only with the great mystery concerning the birth of one of the 'most beautiful and popular young women in Chicago.' Wait—wait until the Bansemmer smash comes to reinforce the story! Fine reading, eh?"

"Don't, Elias, for heaven's sake, don't!" cried the young man. "Have you no soft spot in your heart? I believe you enjoy all this. Look! Look what it says about her! The whole shameful story of that scene last night! There was a reporter there when it happened."

Together they read the papers. Their comments varied. The young man writhed and groaned under the revelations that were going to the public. The old clerk chuckled and philosophized.

Every one of these papers prophesied other and more sensational developments before the day was over. It promised to be war to the knife between David Cable, president of the Pacific, Lakes and Atlantic, and the man Bansemmer. In each interview with Cable he was quoted as saying emphatically that the adoption of Jane had been made with his knowledge and consent. The supposed daughter was the only one to whom the star-

ting revelations were a surprise. There also was mention of the fact that the young woman had immediately broken her engagement with James Bansemmer's son. There were pictures of the leading characters in the drama.

"I can't stay in Chicago after all this," exclaimed Graydon, springing to his feet, his hands clinched in despair. "To be pointed out and talked about. To be pitied and scorned! To see the degradation of my own father! I'll go anywhere, just so it is away from Chicago."

Doom forgot his desire to scoff. His sardonic smile dwindled into a ludicrously pathetic look of dismay. He begged the young man to think twice before he did anything "foolish." "In any event," he implored, "let me get you some breakfast, or at least a cup of coffee."

In the end he helped Graydon into his coat and glided off down Wells street with him. It was 7 o'clock, and every corner newsstand glowered back at them with black frowns as they looked at the piles of papers. Two rough looking men walking ahead of them were discussing the sensation. A saloon keeper shouted to them. "It don't always happen over on the west side, does it?"

Graydon went to the office of Clegg, Groll & Davidson early and arranged his affairs, so that they could be taken up at once by another, and then, avoiding his fellow workers as much as possible, presented himself to Mr. Clegg at 10 o'clock. Without hesitation he announced his intention to give up his place in the office. All argument put forth by his old friend and employer went for naught. The cause of his action was not discussed, but it was understood.

"If you ever want to come back to us, Graydon, we will welcome you with open arms. It isn't as bad as you think."

"You don't understand, Mr. Clegg," was all that Graydon could say.

Then he hurried off to face his father.

James Bansemmer, haggard from loss of sleep and from fury over the alienation of his son, together with the fear of what the day might bring, was pacing the floor of his private office. Doom had eased his mind but little in regard to his son. When he heard Graydon's voice in the outer room his face brightened, and he took several quick steps toward the door. He checked himself suddenly with the remembrance that his son had turned against him the night before, and his face hardened.

Graydon found him standing stern and unfriendly before the steam radiator in the darkest corner of the room, his hands behind his back. The young man plumped down heavily in his father's desk chair.

"Why didn't you come home last night?" demanded the other.

"I hated the thought of it," he answered dejectedly.

"You've listened to their side of the story. You're a splendid son, you are!" sneered the father.

"There is nothing base and unprincipled in their side of the story. They have tried to shield her. They have never harmed her. But you! Why, father, you've blighted her life forever. They were going to tell her in a day or so, and they could have made it easy for her. Not like this! Why, in heaven's name, did you strike her like that? She's—she's the talk of the town. She's ostracized, that's what she is, and she's the best girl that ever lived!"

"Oh, you think they would have told her, eh? No! They would have let her marry—"

"Well, and what was your position? Why were you so considerate up to last night? If you knew, why did you let me go on so blindly? The truth is, father, if you must have it, you have acted like a scoundrel."

James Bansemmer glared at his son, with murder in his eyes.

"I wouldn't have believed the other things they say of you if I hadn't this to break down my faith. I heard this with my own ears. It was too contemptible to forget in a lifetime. I did not come here to discuss it with you. The thing is done. I came here to tell you that I am going to leave Chicago. You won't go, so I will." Bansemmer still glared at him, but there was amazement mingling with rage in his eyes. "I can't look a soul in the face. I am ashamed to meet the Cables. Good Lord, I'm afraid even to think of Jane."

"I suppose you would marry her, like a fool, even now," muttered the father.

"Marry her? Of course I would. I love her more than ever. I'd give my life for her; I'd give my soul to ease the pain you have thrust upon her. But it's over between us. Don't let our affairs worry you. She has ended it. I don't blame her. How could she marry your son? I have hoped that I might not be your son, after all."

Bansemmer leaned heavily against the radiator, gasping for breath. Then he staggered to the couch and dropped upon it, moaning.

"Graydon, Graydon! Don't say that! Don't! I'll make everything right. I'll try to undo it all! My boy, you are the only thing on earth I love. I've been heartless to all the rest of the world, but I love you. Don't turn against me."

The son stood looking at him in dull wonder. His heart was touched. He had not thought that this stern man could weep; he began to see the misery that was breaking him.

"Dad, don't do that," he said, starting toward him. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for you."

Bansemmer leaped to his feet, his mood changing like a flash.

"I don't want your pity. I want your love and loyalty. I didn't mean to be weak. Will you leave Chicago with me? I must go. We'll go at once—anywhere, only together. We can escape if we start now. Come!"

"I won't go that way!" exclaimed



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CHAPTER XX.

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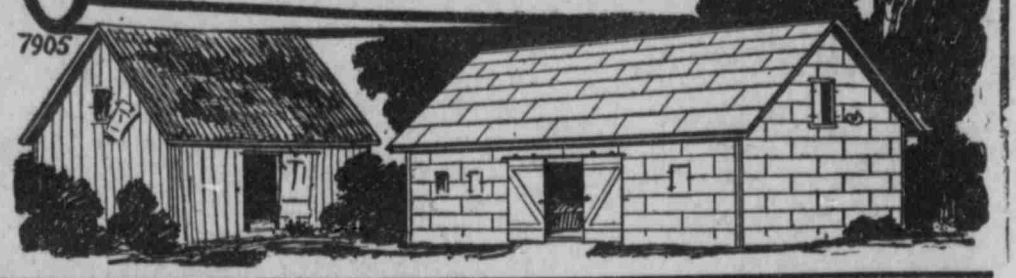
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Graydon. "Not like a criminal!"

"No? You won't?" There was no answer. "Then there's nothing more to say. Go! Leave me alone. I had prayed that you might not have been like this. Go! I have important business to attend to at once." He cast his gaze toward the drawer in which the pistol lay. "I don't expect to see you again. Take this message to the Cables. Say that I am the only living soul who knows the names of that girl's father and mother. God alone can drag them from me!"

Graydon was silent, stunned, bewildered. His father was trembling before him, and he opened his lips to utter the question that meant so much if the answer came.

"Don't ask me!" cried Bansemmer. "You would be the last I'd tell."

"I don't believe you know!" cried Graydon.

"Ah, you think I'll tell you?" triumphantly.

"I don't want to know." He sat down, his moody gaze upon his father. Neither spoke for many minutes. Neither had the courage. James Bansemmer finally started up with a quick look at the door. Doom was speaking to some one in the outer office.

"Go now," he said harshly. "I want to be alone."

"Father, are you—are you afraid of these charges?" His father laughed shortly and extended his hand to the young man.

"Don't worry about me. They can't sown James Bansemmer. You may leave Chicago. I'll stay! Goodbye, Graydon!"

"Goodbye, dad!"

They shook hands without flinching, and the young man left the room. On the threshold the father called after him:

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I don't know."

Doom was talking to a youth who held a notebook in his hand and who appeared frightened and embarrassed. Graydon shook hands with the old man. Doom followed him into the hall.

"If you ever need a friend, Graydon," he said in a low voice, "call on me. If I'm not in jail, I'll help you."

Half an hour later Graydon rang the Cables' doorbell.

"Miss Jane is not seeing any one today, sir," said the servant.

"Say that I must see her," protested the young man. "I'm going away tonight."

That afternoon he enlisted and the following morning was going westward with a party of recruits, bound eventually for service with the regulars in the Philippines.

TO BE CONTINUED

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. Gleason,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Had Its Limitations.

A Scottish farmer was proudly showing a visitor an antique clock which had recently come into his possession.

"Isn't that a gran' clock?" he said. "I bocht it at an auction sale in the toon the ither day an' got a rale bargain."

"Yes, but does it keep good time?" the visitor asked.

"Ah, weel, it's no good enough to catch a train or that sort o' thing, but good enough to get up to yer breakfast wi'."

A Budding Philologist.

Bobble, aged five, saw a cow grazing in his mother's flower garden and shouted: "Scat! Scat!"

The cow didn't seem to be much intimidated and calmly ate on. Three-year-old Mary, dancing with excitement, exclaimed: "Tell him to 'scow. Wobble; tell him to 'scow!'"—Delineator.

FAKE PAINTINGS.

One of the Ingenious Tricks of the Picture Dealer.

The tricks of the picture dealer? They are not to be counted. Here is one that was played quite recently. A dealer ordered from an artist a tavern scene in the old Dutch style signed in the corner with a facsimile of Jan Steen's signature. When the smoky look of age had been given it the dealer eyed it with approval.

"Splendid!" he said to the needy artist. "It's a pity you shouldn't have the credit of it. Pray sign it with your own name. It may make your reputation."

The poor artist, delighted, painted over the signature of Jan Steen and set his own name there. Three weeks later the picture started for New York, consigned to a Fifth avenue merchant of paintings. But by the same boat went an anonymous letter to the custom house officials warning them that an attempt was being made to smuggle in a chef d'oeuvre of the Dutch school worth \$40,000. The picture was seized. Experts were called in. They scraped off the signature of the artist and found underneath that of Jan Steen. The importer had to pay a fine of 50 per cent—that is, \$20,000—and in addition \$8,000 duty. Three days later, however, he sold his Jan Steen (guaranteed by the United States government) for the round sum of \$50,000. Thus he made a fair profit, for the original cost of the picture was \$14—70 francs paid to the poor devil of an artist.—Broadway Magazine.

The Sneezing Inopportune.

"Of all the embarrassing predicaments, the one that I was in was the worst ever," said a prosperous downtown business man, addressing his partner in their office on the fifteenth floor of one of the Broadway skyscrapers.

"I got in the elevator a few moments ago," he continued, "and the draft as we shot roofward caused me to sneeze. I felt it coming, and as I opened my mouth for a hearty 'achu' out popped my \$150 set of false teeth. Say, when that car full of silly stenographers began to snicker I could have gone through a keyhole without touching sides, top or bottom!"—New York Globe.

Forces a Discharge.

"The Japanese servant has many curious traits," said the man who keeps one, "besides his constant habit of eating raw fish, but he is inordinately polite, as a rule. For instance, he never will give you notice that he wishes to leave you. Instead his work will grow steadily worse and worse till you can't stand it any longer, and so you fire him. It's always done purposely to avoid the necessity of telling you outright that he is tired of you and wants to quit."

Social Analogy.

Mrs. Subbubs—That Mrs. Newcome just moved into the Dudley's old house on Saturday, so I called today. Mr. Subbubs—Well, well, how like poker this social game is! Mrs. Subbubs—How do you mean? Mr. Subbubs—Why, in poker you also "call" when you want to see what the other person's got—Philadelphia Press.

The Missing Feature.

"That meadow scene looks far from natural," declared the stage manager. "What can all it?"

"Begosh, I believe it's the absence of advertising signs!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sneaky.

Magistrate—Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir? Witness—Well, sorr, he's the sort of man that'll never look ye straight in the face until your back's turned."

There's no phosphorescence in flowers to speak of, but they may lighten up many a darkened spot in life.—Manchester Union.

Gamekeeper (to cockney sportsman)—If you don't hit a hare the first shot, fire the other barrel at him!

Sportsman—And if I miss him, then what shall I do?

Gamekeeper—Then—then you might throw your gun at him!—London Telegraph.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sor and stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle in your house. Sold by A. R. Fisher.